

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## SUNSHINE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Our griefs are soon forgot;  
They were and they are not,  
And the happy-hearted world little cares for  
Vanished pains;

But we fill the cup of pleasure  
To so deep and brimming measure

That the subtle overflowing fragrance all our  
being stains.

From perils dark and frightful  
Come memories delightful,  
From the granite cliffs of trouble golden grains  
of promise won;

Through life's midnight we grope

Unto many a starry hope,

And the deepest, dreariest shadow is prophetic  
of the sun.

In passionate sbb and flow  
The sultry waves of woe  
Gushing on us in a torrent sweep our warm  
hearts bare of love,

But on the deepest tide

The ark of hope will ride,

And an earth green through the deluge greets

the white wings of our dove.

With tender lips, relief

Smiles down the pang of grief;

On a mist of falling tear-drops is the bow of  
promise built;

And the cruel hand of death

Unto Edens opens,

Heaven drinks the rich, rare wine of life from  
Earth's rent goblet split.

Lapt in a sunny dream

We float along life's stream,

Though the chilling winter winds blow across a  
dismal wold;

Summer fancies swim and dart

Through the sunshine of the heart,

While the world without us shivers in the bleak  
embracing cold.

## PHILIP MORTON:

or,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," "THE  
QUAKER PARTISAN," &c.

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## CHAPTER IV.

Somehow about the middle of the last chapter, I left the Chippewa who had secured the canoe to the root, just rising to leave the water.

At the report of the rifles, however, and the first yell of the Delaware, instead of carrying out his first intention, he dropped down again below the bank, and thereby came to grief.

For while he was peering wretchedly over the edge of the bank, without any suspicion of some near to him than those on the shore, his ankles were suddenly snared beneath the water and jerked from under him, bringing him down upon his back with a splash, which, however, in the hubbub, attracted no attention. He had no time, even to utter an exclamation, for as he struck the water, his heels were tilted up in a manner that sent his head helplessly beneath the surface and absorbed all his attention in the one effort to get it up again.

He kicked furiously, to free his ankles from his unknown assailant, and made desperate efforts to double himself forward so as to raise his head; but the Delaware, as soon as they had secured him, emerged suddenly from their hiding place, trusting that those on shore had their attention fully taken up to notice them, and, keeping a firm hold upon their victim, straightened themselves up and raised his feet into the air, and then deliberately held them there, despite the drowning man's prodigious struggles.

These soon grew fainter, his muscles gradually relaxed, and in a moment more he hung by the feet, a dead weight in the hands of his slayers.

Dragging him under the tree to secure him until his scalp could be taken at leisure, the two Delaware quietly unloosed the canoe and then wading cautiously, towed them a few rods down the stream and secured them beneath some bushes which overhung the shore.

They then immediately made their way around through the trees to where the fight was going on, coming in at the rear of their own party. A heavy word to Diahanna and Ell sprang them of the removal of the canoe, and was followed at the same moment by the headlong rush of the Chippewas to the water's edge, as stated before.

When they discovered that the canoes were gone, they stood for one instant in blank despair, and then, as if by common impulse, darted

forward, plunged into the rapid stream and struck boldly out into the darkness. The Delaware were about to follow, but were recalled by the voice of Storm-Cloud, and came back, rather reluctantly to the shore.

"It is enough," said the chief, "the Chippewas are make-war and have taken to the water. Let them go, and we will go over to the block house across the river; some of my young men have been hurt by the rats' teeth, and I wish the medicine-man of the Saggenah to heal them."

This was true enough; none of the Delaware had been killed, but three of them had been wounded, one slightly, the other two quite sharply enough to require looking after.

"That's right, chief," said Ell, who had been examining the burns of the two men as well as he could in the dark, "the sooner they're seen after the better. Wild-Cat here's got an ugly burn in the thigh that's bleedin' a good deal faster 'n I like."

Philip, who had risen to his feet the moment he was free, sprang towards the spot instantly, suspecting the state of the case from Ell's words.

The latter was upon one knee, sustaining the head and shoulders of a young Delaware who lay in his arms, and from the hollow of whose bright a scarlet stream was spouting in jets, as if driven by a force-pump.

"The femoral artery has been cut," said Philip, stooping down and pressing his two thumbs forcibly upon the thigh just above the wound; "get me a large pebble somebody—one about as big as a walnut."

After a few moments' groping about the beach in the dark, Philip approached, saying:

"I can't fin' no pebble, as; hya's a fat mussel I catch in de water."

"That will do," said Philip; "now Ell, just hold it here where my thumbs are, and keep it pressed down hard enough to stop the blood if you can."

Fortunately Philip still retained enough of his civilized habits to carry with him a pocket-handkerchief, one of the large, comfortable kind, of strong silk, such as we occasionally see even now in elderly men who have not given in to the white cambric napkin which has succeeded it; drawing this from his pocket he folded it quickly, and by the aid of the shell and one of his pistols, used as a wrench, made an extempore tourniquet which temporarily checked the flow of blood.

In the few moments since he had received the wound—for the whole skirmish, long as it had been compelled to take in describing, it did not last more than three or four minutes—Wild-Cat had lost so much blood that he had fainted, and was indeed almost in the last stage of exhaustion. It takes a severed femoral artery but a few minutes, if not stopped, to pump the life out of the strongest man.

By the time Philip had secured his extempore tourniquet, the canoes had been brought into the cover again, and were awaiting their passing.

Wild-Cat was raised slowly and carefully, carried to the beach and laid in the bottom of the largest canoe.

The second wounded Indian, whose hurt was slight, bound some leaves over it with his belt, and walked to another canoe; the third, who had been partially stunned by the stroke of a tomahawk which had turned in his owner's hand, and instead of splitting the skull had glanced, detaching a portion of the scalp and half the right ear, had recovered his faculties though still a little dizzy, and walked to the beach without assistance.

There was a slight delay among the other Indians which Philip understood, as he stood by the canoe waiting, with his face averted from them.

Presently they filed silently down to the beach and entered the canoe, with the fresh scalps of their dead enemies hanging at their girdles. He felt sickened, for it was the first time he had seen one of these ghastly trophies, but he knew there would be no use in saying anything in opposition to what was one of the most deeply-rooted customs of the race to which his savage friends belonged.

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"You took some yourself, Ell?" said the young man.

"'Sertainly not. I hain't turned Injin yet. I kin kill one o' the varmints with as little concern as anybody, if it's got to be done, but when I've hit him, I let him lay. You an' me's the only ones here that hasn't got his voucher for a dead Chippewa."

"You and I, only?" exclaimed Philip, speaking in his surprise, rather louder than was proper, for his mind instantly reverted to Mass.

"'Sertainly," said the old man, still speaking in a whisper, "yes, I seen the bigger s-tr-yin' his hand, an' hagglin' work he made of it."

"I'll hagglin' him," said Philip, between his clenched teeth, "if he ever tries such a thing again."

Morse was in another canoe, so that Morton could not speak to him then, but when they reached the opposite shore, he approached him, and said sternly,

"So, you've begun to play savage already, have you? Throw that scalp into the water."

"Goss! Mass! Phillip," said Morse, in surprise, "how you know I got any scalp?"

"Throw it away at once!" said Morton sharply.

"Do you hear me?"

Morse reluctantly drew forth the recking trophy from his pocket where, suspecting that his master would not altogether approve of his action, he had thrust it there for concealment, and threw it into the river, muttering to himself, "Tough we was all Injin now; Mass Phillip's mighty curious. Who givin' to blab ole Mass kill an Injin when he hain't got no dockaments to prove it?"

The party now prepared to move towards the block house. The two empty canoes were lifted from the water and concealed among the bushes on the shore, while the one containing Wild-Cat, too weak to move hand or foot, though he had recovered from his swoon, was raised on the shoulders of three of the other Delaware, and they moved forward slowly in avoid jolting their burden.

The first gray of the dawn had begun to steal over the sky as they started, and by the time they arrived near the block-house, but still within the woods, it was light enough to see, though not yet distinctly.

Now the edge of the clearing in which the building stood, Ell, who was in advance, made a sign to them to halt, and said to Diahanna,

"Let the Delaware wait here in the cover 'till me and the Short-Gun goes up to the block side; they must ha' hevver the fire on 'tother side, an' they'll be all alive an' 'll fire at the first Injin they see; for the dumb fools don't know a Delaware from a Huron or an Iroquois."

Diahanna merely answered, "It is good," motioned to the heavens of the canoe to set it down, and Ell and Storm-Cloud went up to the block-house.

Arranging in the dark morning twilight, they were greeted by the savage bark of several bull dogs, and immediately after by the challenge of a sentry at one of the loopholes. After some little parley the gate was cautiously opened wide enough to allow them to pass within the palisade where they found the place crowded with the inhabitants of the settlement, who had been taken themselves to the block-house at the first alarm.

Matters being explained to the commandant, Ell, by his directions, brought the Indians into the building, where the wounded men were at once placed under the hands of a surgeon who had served out to this wild place, and in whom Philip, after a bewildered stare, recognized Saxon!

A warm grasp of the hand and a word of greeting were all that time permitted, then, for the wounded men, Wild-Cat particularly, required instant attention.

A few minutes, under the skillful hands of the surgeon left the Indian, with the artery neatly taken up, and his life safe, if his system had energy enough left to rally.

Giving directions that he should be kept perfectly quiet, and himself called if anything should appear to be necessary, and having dressed the wounds of the other two, he rejoined Philip, whom, with Ell and Storm-Cloud, he found in consultation with the commandant of the block-house.

The last looked anxious and disquieted at the two.

"Are you sure," he said to Ell, "that there are no more within reach? It will be bad business if they attack us with any force, but now, I have but twenty-five fighting men, all told, and three of them have been out hunting ever since yesterday morning. Besides, you see how many women and children there are here."

"How are you off for provisions?" inquired Morton.

"Not too well off, we were getting short was the reason those three went out to hunt. I'm really afraid they've been out off."

"I reckin' not," said Ell; "Storm-Cloud's been on the trail, an' didn't see no sign of any, except a few tracks, on 'tother side o' the river, an' they was afer me in particular; however, you'd better send out a party to fetch in the canoes an' houses, if they kin knock 'em; with them, an' plenty o' water in the spring here, we can stand 'em a siege if there is a party out an' they come at us."

This suggestion was acted upon at once, and, in the course of the day, some forty head of cattle and a dozen horses were brought in and housed in stalls which had been provided with a view to some such emergency as this.

By the time this was off, Ell was again approaching, and still the sentry had not come in.

The commandant, with Ell and Storm-Cloud, had come to them, and then giving the doctored Indians strict orders to fire on no one until they had called him, retired with his companions into the block-house.

As the evening wore away, the commandant became still more anxious, and said to Ell,

"They certainly would have got in before this time if nothing has happened to them."

"Maybe they've sighted the critters fast if there's any o' em out, an' are watchin' their motions," said Ell; "what do you say, Diahanna?" he asked, turning to the chief, who had been standing silent and motionless near them, "do you think they're took?"

"Un ole warrior? Know Injin?" asked Diahanna.

"Yes," said the commandant, "they're the three best scouts in the garrison."

"Maybe had long trail to find game. Garrison drum, drum, blow horn, shoot so much for 'nuff', skeer game far off, appa huntin' ground."

"That may be," said the commandant, somewhat relieved; for though the game idea had occurred to him, he had unconsciously lost sight of it in his anxiety, and it was a consolation to have it brought up again by one whose opinion was entitled to weight, "that may be, if it is so well they will certainly be in to morrow, game or no game; Ell says you didn't see signs of any but the party that attacked you across the river."

"No; didn't see none; dat no sign; can't see 'nuff' side river at once, an' Injin on wat-path don't tell where he be, nor when he goes to strike."

"Four of the gang you fought last night get away, I believe."

"Yes; dat bad, but couldn't help; too dark to chase 'em; if any more Injin in woods day know where we come."

"You hear what he says, Ell," said the commandant, "what do you think?"

"I think he's right," said Ell; "I've no doubt them 'un' devils was somewhere among the bushes watchin' us as we—"

"How! What?" interrupted Diahanna, raising his finger.

"What is it, Storm-Cloud?" said Ell, placing his hand behind his ear.

"I heard nothing," said the commandant.

"Hark!" exclaimed Ell, "there it is again," as a faint quavering sound was heard in the forest which might have been mistaken for the yell of a distant panther.

"I heard it then," said the commandant, "what sounded to me like a wolf or panther."

"I heard it then," said Ell, "but nobody knows how many of the corn-twisted varmints lurkin' within rifle shot of the palisades, though. If Storm-Cloud an' me was out on the river now, we must paddle up quietly an' find out somethin' about 'em."

"That would only risk putting yourselves in the same position as the poor men."

"Not much risk," said Ell; "if we was only fairly out on the water. The big canoe's here in the block, but if we undertake to carry it across to the water, we can't dodge the sharp eyes of the scamps if they're any o' 'em outlinin' near."

"The canoe! I had forgotten it!" exclaimed the commandant, "we can manage it easily now."

"How?"

"There's an underground passage from the block-house," said he in a whisper, "opening into the river, large enough to take the canoe through; the water comes about one-third of the way up, deep enough to float it, and the opening at the water's edge is covered by bushes that hide it entirely; you can go out that way."

"That will do," said Ell; and then commanding that the canoe be brought and carried into the passage until the water was reached, and the two men, fully armed, and with some provisions, in case their stay should be long, departed on their dangerous errand.

—CHAPTER V.

After Ell and Diahanna had left the block-house, the two friends had withdrawn into the doctor's apartment, a little room about seven by eight feet, partitioned off from the rest of the building, and sat down to have a little quiet talk.

"Impulsive," said the doctor, "though we were not Temperance Societies in those days," have you learned to drink our whiskey since you left home? I can't say much for any quality in it except strength, of which it has enough and to spare. But wife has not travelled out this way yet, and I've nothing better to offer you," pulling the arrow to the wood, and holding him in a cup and a small jug filled with the fiery essence.

"Oh, yes, I've learned that, perchance, for there's nothing else to be had," said Philip, pouring out a measure of the liquor, qualifying it with water, and drinking it without any of the quaking that would affect me, should I venture to take as much of the drugged and benumbed stuff that relapses in the name now."

"'Sertainly," said he, after closing his throat, for the liquor, though pure and some-what weakened besides, was as hot as fire. "What has induced the learned London physician to break his lucrative practice, and settle himself here among these very uncouth people?"

"Why, the lucrative practice was so very much in future, that it required a powerful talisman to set it at all. The chief I had learned to make him, retired with his companions into the block-house.

As the evening wore away, the commandant became still more anxious, and said to Ell,

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bottles in the cans were covered with undisturbed dust, and the spiders had taken possession of them as fixtures that were not to be moved, and I was beginning to get the horrors, living so much in such pleasant company, with nothing to vary the monotony. So, being offered the post of surgeon in a regiment ordered to the Colonies, I accepted it, partly in the hope of meeting you, and partly, because it gave me a prospect of doing something.

"We had a capital man, very pleasant fellow, and for a year or two I enjoyed it very well, and had enough work to do to keep me from getting rusty. But, by that time, I began to feel restless again, and having heard a good deal of the wild life on the border, I concluded to try it. Colonel Wharton, our commandant, who was ordered to this post, had taken a fancy to me, and when I offered to accompany him, at once made arrangements to have me attached to his forces."

"We came out together, about six months ago, and I've been here ever since, among a people who are outrageously healthy, and with such a voluminous dress of 'doctor's stuff' that I've had, literally, nothing at all to do in a professional way, except three or four times to help their wives when they were in some little trouble."

"That's all my story; and now for your turn; what has brought you out here to the middle of nowhere, in this outlandish rig, and among these outlandish people?"

Philip Morton's brow grew dark and gloomy, and he remained silent, with compressed lips, for a moment.

Wharton looked at him in surprise, and then said, kindly, "Never mind, Phil; if it pains you to think of it; let us talk of something else."

"It is not a very long story, Saxon," replied Morton, "nor is it a very pleasant one; but you are the only friend I have here I could tell to, and I have been troubling over it so long, that I feel as though it would be a relief to me to talk about it for once."

"You knew we sailed for Boston when I left England with my regiment, two years ago."

"I won't tire you with any description of the voyage, as you have made it for yourself, and know what it is. We had a long, rough passage, over six weeks, with most of the men and all the officers, except myself, sick with the plague of the time."

"On our arrival at Boston, we settled down into our quarters, hardly sick of the sea and all that pertained to it; and, having little else to do





## THE COLONEL AT CHURCH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY F. H. STAUFFER.

He caught a glance from your eye yesterday  
Just as the people rose to pray;  
And it made me so much, oh! beautiful maid,  
No wonder he lost all the preacher said!

You were thinking of him who years ago  
Left his home to fight the obstinate foe;  
The evening was bland—he spoke of his love,  
He asked for a trust as a treasure-trove;  
Your face was flushed and your lips were mute,  
But you shot him up like a parachute!  
With a haughty wave of your snowy hand,  
Like a Lady Clare from the Rhine Land!  
He whined "good-bye"—you laughed in your sleeve,  
Yet your heart grew sad when you saw him leave!

He was a boy at that time, Kate;  
And he "mouthed" his words at the garden gate.  
He has grown wiser and bolder since then—  
He has walked in the ranks of earnest men;  
Not now with a wave of your snowy hand  
Will you raise the singer which he has planned.

You knew him at church with his heavy beard,  
And the face the battles had bronzed and seared;  
You saw how the people caught at his hand  
And blocked up the aisle where he chanced to stand;

A whisper went round: "Col. Bright's got  
home;"  
He rose from the ranks through merit alone!"  
Your eyes met again, how you blushed, oh,  
Kate!

For you thought of him and the deadly strife.

Did you pray for him in the deadly strife?  
Did you sweep your hands like a soldier's wife?  
Did you look with aching heart and head  
For his name among the fallen and dead?  
And when you heard of a "Colonel Bright"  
Did your eyes beam with a kindlier light?  
And but for the laugh in his jolly mien?  
Would you have sent him the coveted wreath?  
Yes, all of these, then lofty Kate!

Despite that name at the garden gate.

He'll woo you now as a soldier should woo,  
Who by his orders stood loyal and true;  
And I swear by the peaceful years of his life,  
He'll stand thus by you when you are his wife!

## The One-Eyed Servant.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Do you see those two pretty cottages on opposite sides of the Common? How bright their windows are, and how prettily the vines trail over them! A year ago one of them was the daintiest and most forlorn-looking place you can imagine, and its mistress the most wistful woman.

She was once sitting at her cottage door with her arms folded, as if she were deep in thought, though to look at her face, one would not have supposed she was doing more than idly watching the swallows, as they flitted about in the hot, clear air. Her gown was torn and shabby; her shoes down at heel; the little curtain in her casement, which had once been fresh and white, had a great rent in it; and altogether she looked ed poor and forlorn.

She sat sometimes, gazing across the common, when all on a sudden she heard a little noise, like striking, near the ground. She looked down and sitting on the border, under a wall-flower bush, she saw the funniest little man possible, with a blue coat, a yellow waistcoat, and red boots; he had got a small show on his lap, and he was striking away at it with all his might.

"Good-morning, mistress!" said the little man.  
"A very fine day. Why may you be looking so earnestly across the common?"

"I was looking at my neighbor's cottage, said the young woman.

"What? Tom, the gardener's wife?—little Polly, she used to be called, and a very pretty cottage it is too! Look, there goes! doesn't it?"

She was always lucky," said Bella (for that was the young wife's name), "and her husband is always good to her."

"They were both good husbands at first," interrupted the little cub, without stopping. "Reach me myawl, mistress, will you, for you seem to have nothing to do; it lies close by your feet."

"Well, I can't say but they were both very good husbands at first," replied Bella, reaching theawl with a sigh; "but mine has changed for the worse, and hers for the better, and then, look how she thrives. Only to think of our both being married on the same day, and now I've nothing, and she has two pegs, and—"

"And a lot of fat that she sits up in the winter," interrupted the cub, "and a fat green gown, as good green stuff as ever was seen, and to my knowledge, a handsome silk hand-sewn for an awl, and a red waistcoat for her grandmama, with three rows of blue glass buttons, and a flock of buttons, in the chimney, and a rope of osmanthus."

"Oh, she's a poor woman!" exclaimed Bella.  
"And a tea-tray, with Danie in the box, does open it," continued the cub, "and a fat hen in the cradle."

"Oh, Dr. Danie don't have her last," said Bella, pensively. "I've time enough for myself and my husband, setting aside children."

"Why, mistress, isn't your husband in work?" asked the cub.

"No; he's at the alehouse."

"Why, how's that? he used to be very active."

"His last good wouldn't keep him, because he was so shabby."

"Hump!" said the little man. "He's a green, is he not? Well, as I was saying, your neighbor opposite, that is, but no wonder! Well, I've nothing to do with other people's servants, but I could tell you, only I'm busy, and must go."

"Could tell me what?" cried the young wife. "O, good master, don't you, for I've nothing to do. Pray tell, master, it's no wonder that she should leave!"

"Well," said he, "it's no business of mine, you know, but, as I said before, it's no wonder people think who have a servant—a hand-washer, for instance, who is always helping them."

"A servant!" repeated Bella—"my neighbor has a servant! No wonder, then, everything looks so neat about her; but I never saw this

servant. I think you must be mistaken; besides, how could she afford to pay her wages?"

"She has a servant, I say," repeated the cobbler—"a one-eyed servant—but she pays her no wages, to my certain knowledge. Well, good-morning, mistress, I must go."

"Do stop one minute!" cried Bella, urgently.

"Oh, I don't know," said the cobbler, "servants are plentiful enough; and Polly used here well, I can tell you."

"And what does she do for her?"

"Do for her? Why, all sorts of things—I

think she's the cause of her prosperity. To my knowledge she never refuses to do anything—keeps Tom's and Polly's clothes in order, and the baby's."

"Dear me!" said Bella, in an anxious tone,

and holding up both her hands; "well, she's a

lucky woman, and I always said so. She takes

good care I shall never see her servant. What

sort of a servant is she, and how can she be to

have only one eye?"

"It runs in her family," replied the cobbler,

stitching busily, "they are all so—one eye

apiece; yet they make a very good use of it, and Polly's servant has four cousins who are

blind—stone-blind; an eye at a time; and they

sometimes come and help her. I've seen them

in the cottage myself, and that's how Polly gets

a good deal of her money. They work for her,

and she takes what they make to market, and buys all those handsome things."

"Only think," said Bella, almost ready to cry

with vexation, "and I've not got a soul to do

anything for me, how hard it is!" and she took

up her apron to wipe away her tears.

The cobbler looked attentively at her.

"Well, you are to be pitied, certainly," he

said, "and if I were not in such a hurry—"

"O, do go on, pray—were you going to say

you could help me? I've heard that your people

are fond of cards and whey, and fresh goose-

berry syllabub. Now, if you would help me,

trust me that there should be the most beauti-

ful cards and whey set every night for you on

the board; and nobody should ever look when

you went to bed."

"Why, you see," said the cobbler, hesitating,

"my people are extremely particular about—in

short, about—cleanliness, mistress; and your

house is not what one could call very clean. No

offense, I hope."

Bella blushed deeply—"Well, but it should

be always clean if you would—every day of my

life! I will wash the floor, and sand it, and the

hearth should be whitewashed as white as snow,

and the windows cleaned."

"Well," said the cobbler, seeming to con-

sider, "well, then, I should not wonder if I

could meet with a one-eyed servant for you, like

your neighbor; but it may be several days before I can; and, mind, mistress, I am to have

a dish of cards."

"Yes, and some whipped cream, too," replied

Bella, full of joy.

The cobbler then took up all his tools, wrapped

them in his leather apron, walked behind the

wall-flower, and disappeared.

Bella was so delighted, she could not sleep

that night for joy. Her husband scarcely knew

the house, she had made it so bright and clean,

and by night she had washed the curtain, cleaned

the window, rubbed the fire-iron, sanded the

floor, and set a great jug of hawthorn in blossom

on the hearth.

The next morning Bella kept a sharp lookout

both for the tiny cub and for her neighbor

to see whether she could possibly catch a glimpse of the one-eyed servant. But,

no—nothing could she see but her neighbor

sitting in her rocking-chair, with her baby on her

thighs, working at her needlework.

At last, when she was quite tired, she heard

the voice of the cub outside. She ran to the

door and cried out—

"O, do, pray, come in, sir, only look at my

house."

"Get her with you!" repeated Bella, smiling

round. "I see nobody."

"Look, here she is!" said the cub, holding

up something in his hand.

Would you believe it? the one-eyed servant

was nothing but a needle.

## Wondrous Optical Illusions.

Professor Pepper, delivering lectures on optics in London, gives some new and astonishing experiments in illustration of optical illusions, the most remarkable of which are—*The Modern Delight Oracle* and *The Fairy-Lot*.

In introducing the former, the professor called upon the audience to call to mind ancient Greece. The curtain rises and the interior of a Greek temple is disclosed. Drapery in the background is posted on one side, and a figure, classically costumed and reading, steals a scroll which he holds in one hand, and a figure, classically costumed and reading, steals a scroll which he holds in the other.

The professor explains that the figure must be supposed to represent a sacred Athenean, eruditely and highly gifted. Through an acrostichal speech which he had formed with one of the priests of Ida, the learned individual gets possession of a sacred scroll, which informs him that, by means of certain charms and incantations, he can hold converse with the dead. He proceeds to do so at once, and after some formalities he calls upon Socrates. Slowly the curtain through which the Athenean before appeared is drawn aside, and a head, apparently floating in the air, is disclosed. There seems to be no connection about the head being human. It is apparently hermaphrodite, and seemingly "all alive."

Gradually the eyes open and look about most naturally, and in obedience to the command of the Athenean, the voice of Socrates is heard pronouncing his own opinion of the decision of his judges. To render the illusion as real as possible, an instrument is placed in front of the stage, which has the effect of throwing a strong reflection on any object that comes between it and the papered wall at the back of the stage. The reflection of the head, and the head alone, on the background, adds much to the bewilderment with which the spectator, not in the secret, witnesses it. Besides, as the head derives itself of the beautiful lines with which it is surrounded, the head is observed to move with each simulation of the voice. Yet the whole is

nothing more than a mere hollow shell, the head being like, though I'd venture with pleasure, the head of a dead man. I might have been married—years ago, if I hadn't been so queer. I believe I'd about as much be queer as to be married. Anything else in the category of human life, though, I'd venture with pleasure, is nothing more than a simple illusion.

As I have said, the reason for the

"Fairy Casket" is equally surprising. It consists of a strong table some four feet high, with four legs, which are open to the inspection of all. On this table is deposited a large glass box, of nearly the same size as the table. The whole is covered with drapery, when it is brought in front of the stage, close to the footlights. The closest inspection is invited. On the covering being removed the table and glass box, as above described, appear. The glass box

seems to contain black velvet and charcoal. The professor opens the box and fills it still further with what appears to be more charcoal. Then he orders his assistant to shut down the glass lid and cover the box. In a few minutes the box is uncovered and it appears to be filled with white satin instead of black velvet and charcoal. A white satin cushion is taken out of the box, and after it has been laid on the floor, the box is again covered and uncovered. The result is that the black velvet and charcoal again appear in the interior. The contents of the box are again produced. They consist of a large black cushion and a most interesting-looking little negro, who, after jumping out of the box, throws himself in a kneeling attitude, and appealing to the audience, says, "Am I not a man and a brother?" These are the two principal illusions which have been, we understand, drawing such vast numbers to the Poylestage ever since their production.

## A Complaint.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is an adverb in the English language which is a spite at me. There is no doubt of that. And I, on my part, detect that adjective no less than I fear it. It has clung to me all my life long—followed me to every corner of the earth, and haunted me in my dreams. At school it stuck to me like a burr. It pestered after me into the state of Indiana, where they grant divorces once in a great while, and at rare intervals have a little quiet talk on the subject of temperance. Indiana, where they put up with affinities, spiritualists, "harmonic philosophy," and gift enterprises; where they tolerate everything that is odd or bizarre in the universal frame. It pursued me to that modest little city Chicago, too, even in the wilds of Minnesota, among the bloody Indians, I escaped it not. It intrudes upon me in "the bosom of my boarding house." My nephew, John Miller, blames it in my ears like a red blanket before an enraged turkey. I dare say after I'm dead and buried that they'll put up my tombstone my name, age, something which looks like a dead sheet, and under it the fatal word *Java*. When I pursued me to that modest little city Chicago, too, even in the wilds of Minnesota, among the bloody Indians, I escaped it not. It intrudes upon me in "the bosom of my boarding house." My nephew, John Miller, blames it in my ears like a red blanket before an enraged turkey. I dare say after I'm dead and buried that they'll put up my tombstone my name, age, something which looks like a dead sheet, and under it the fatal word *Java*. When I pursued me to that modest little city Chicago, too, even in the wilds of Minnesota, among the bloody Indians, I escaped it not. It intrudes upon me in "the bosom of my boarding house." My nephew, John Miller, blames it in my ears like a red blanket before an enraged turkey. 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April 14, 1888.]

5.

## THE LOVERS.

They linger in the garden walk,  
Talking as only lovers talk;  
Sweet, foolish trifles, love's delight!  
With joy and faith their faces bright.

Sometimes she stops and plucks a rose,  
To hide the truth her sweet blush shows;  
Bosoming the rose-leaves in the air,  
A dainty shower o'er face and hair.

With laughing looks she sees them fly,  
Then sudden stops and breathes a sigh;  
For youth and love as soon are gone,  
And death and age are hastening on.

He gathers from the garden plot  
A tuft of pale forget-me-not;  
She takes them with a careless jest,  
Then hides them in her snowy breast.

He lays a rose-bud in her hair,  
Whispering she is wondrous fair;  
While tenderly his loving hands  
Linger o'er the clapping hands.

They pause to watch the evening sky,  
And see the golden sunlight die;  
A squirrel started from his lair,  
Breaks the calm quiet of the air.

She trifles with her golden curl,  
Till bright the wind unfurls,  
And blows a tremor across his face,  
Touching his lips with soft embrace.

They reach the great hall door at last,  
He holds her slender fingers fast,  
Then kisses them, as well he may,  
While she, all blushing, speeds away.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.  
A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWERS," "CLARA MORGLAND," "FORREST WILL," "REFORMERS," "BAKES OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## STERN RETRIBUTION.

As soon as it was light on the following morning, Henry, who had passed a wretched night, began his search for the trail of the Indians, assisted by Tom. It was seen that they had indeed been down on the beach, for here and there the print of a mocassin was discovered in the yielding soil; and it was not an unreasonable conjecture, which both were led to make, that Metho had been wounded by his fall, and subsequently killed by the savages, and that Isoline had in truth been borne off alive.

"Now then to find their trail and pursue it till I either discover and save her or leave my bones bleaching like those of Metho!" said Henry, with stern determination.

"We've got to kill our killers after we guess for," said Tom, "for I feels just as I was a-goin' to care in."

"Always thinking of eating!" returned Henry.

"Why, that's the only thing as keeps me alive!" said Tom, with the serious air of a man exploring some new discovery in science. "If it wasn't for eating, I wouldn't live a month—no, sir!"

"Well, you had some meat cooked yesterday morning—I'll not tell that for the present," said Henry, with an anxious, impatience look. "As for myself, I care for nothing except to follow on after poor Isoline, and every moment's delay means an age to me!"

"Meat cooked yesterday morning?" repeated Tom, with a look of startled amazement. "why what's the fellow a thinking on?—he's lost his senses! Is he of meat cooked yesterday morning? It was a bull ox, could last till now, and me on the tramp at that! Wagh! shag! what's the time?"

Tom agreed, however, that he would make as little delay as possible, by hunting for something on the way, and so they both immediately set about searching out the trail. It was difficult to find, and cost them the labor of an hour; and when found it was difficult to follow, because it was some three days old, and the light, moccasin foot of the Indians had left no such easily discerned traces as the hoof of the running horse. The general direction, though, was something of a guide, because it was supposed the savages would aim to overtake their companions, and they had certainly taken the proper course for that purpose. By keeping steadily forward, therefore, over places where no impression could be seen, our friends were always fortunate enough to find more traces on beyond, and thus lost but little time.

The thing now troubled Henry not a little, even beyond all his other troubles, and that was that no discovery had as yet been made which proved that Isoline was among the savages. Both he and Tom had made a close and careful scrutiny of the trail where it had been found the clearest, and yet did not discern any sign or trace of the missing girl.

"Oh, Heaven! should this hope prove a delusion, and she not be among the savages after all!" groaned Henry. "Tell me, Tom—tell me truly—what do you think?"

"I don't know, youngster—I can't swear to nothing!" answered Tom. "Perhaps her party little foot didn't come down hard enough to leave any mark—let me think, verminous, called fairs, as I've heard about—and then again she might be some at heart, or sick like, and they is using her on cross-purposes."

"But if such were the case, Tom, we should certainly have found some indication of it before this—some place where they had collected the materials and constructed the litter—and some place where they had taken it up and set it down. Not me! if she is among them at all, she is not carried, Tom, and my only hope now is, that her light foot has passed without leaving any mark where we have searched."

"Well, all we kin do is to push on, and try the venture!" returned Tom.

They did push on, as fast as they possibly could. Tom keeping an eye ready for any game they might discover. Before noon he was again fortunate enough to kill a deer; and having eaten of this to satiate, and persuaded Henry to do the same, he did as before, cooked up a few pounds to take with them.

The trail of Blodget and the Indians did not lead to the camp where they had parted from, their companions, but rather diagonally across the country—they doubtless calculating on striking the trail of the main body further on, which they did. At the point where the smaller trail joined the larger, Tom remarked:

"Now we her of her work, Harry, and we kin go as fast as we like."

"Ah! but, Tom, if Blodget's party succeed in joining the main body," sighed Henry, "what chance have we two against so many?"

"Not much, I'll allow; but of we kin catch up with 'em before they cross the Ohio, we kin soon round and make sure of the colonel's darter ar amongst 'em; and of she, we'll know better what to do nor we do now."

"Let us hurry on then," rejoined Henry, "and know the worse as soon as possible. Ah! what a long start they have of it! If we could only have known, when we passed over this ground before, all that we know now, how much time we might have saved!"

"And had our bosses too, Harry! Agh! I hate to leave them critters, and I've half a notion to go back for 'em!"

"No, no, Tom—we must not risk that delay!"

"Couldn't we make it up in riding faster nor we kin walk, you know?"

"But we might not find them; and only think how much important time would then be lost! No, no, Tom—the matter is not to be thought of for a moment!"

"Just as you say."

"By the way, Tom," observed Henry, "a new idea occurs to me. When I consider time and every thing, I do believe Blodget and his crew struck this trail the very day we passed over it! If so, how fortunate for us that we had passed this point before they reached it! for they might have discovered us first and ambuscaded us."

"Wooft!" grunted Tom, with a shrug of his shoulders.

The trail now being broad and clear, our two friends pushed on rapidly till near night, when, having ascended a small hill, some distance short of the camp where they had made their escape from the Indians, Tom suddenly stopped, grasped an arm of his companion, and made a gesture for him to keep silent.

"What is it?" whispered Henry, after listening intently for a few moments and hearing nothing.

"Dyer see that that 'other hill, right over that?" pointing a little to the right.

"Yes! well?"

"Don't you hear nothing?"

"No?"

"I do. That's a party coming up on 'other side; but I can't just make out whether they're white or Indians."

"Oh, Heaven! if it should prove to be our friends, who struck across the country here under Blodget!" said Henry.

"That's what I hope. Hark! you hears that, don't ye?"

"Yes, it was a human voice, but too far off to be distinct. And yet I somehow feel as if it were the voice of a white man!"

"Let's creep into the bushes—hurry, Harry, and lay low. If it's Indians, we've got to do some dodging; and if it's whites, there'll be time enough to yell when we sees 'em."

They stole off to a thicket, about a hundred yards from the trail, and there concealed themselves, and waited with breathless anxiety for the appearance of the party, which was evidently ascending the other hill from the opposite side.

In less than ten minutes they appeared upon the summit—horses and men—white men—borderers—the division which, some days before, had struck off across the country, at the time that Tom and Henry, with their ill-fated companions, had pursued the direct trail. It was a sight only to be appreciated by men in the condition of our hero and his friend. It was the welcome call at sea to a couple of poor mariners drifting helplessly in an open boat. Henry burst into tears, and Tom sent forth a doleful yell, intended for the wildest delight, but which actually started the approaching party into the belief that they were about to be assailed by a band of savages.

"Foller me!" cried Tom, bounding away down the hill like a madman—whooping, shouting, yelling, jumping, and swinging his arms and kicking out his legs in the wildest manner possible.

Henry ran too, but he could not keep up with his rough companion. By the time he reached the party, Tom had shaken hands with more than half of the men present, and was still whooping and shouting in the midst of them.

They had reassembled the horses stolen from the whites by the savages, some of the men were wounded, and many had fresh Indian scalps attached to their girdles. All this Henry saw, with a wild glance, as he came panting up, and his heart beat strange. They had evidently met, and conquered the Indians, and when of Isoline! A dozen men sprang forward to greet our hero; but his first words, uttered gaspingly, were:

"The lady! the lady! Miss Isoline Holcombe! is she with you? have you saved her?"

"And no one had seen her."

Henry felt his heart sink and brain swim. What was all the rest of the world to him? He threw his arms rapidly over the whole group, and saw that all had dismounted except one man whose back was toward him. He fancied he recognized the figure, and hurried round to where he could get a better view. He was not mistaken. He behind the pale face and composure of Charles Hampton.

"What does that villain among you here and at Henry?" he shouted. "That is the wretch that brought all our trouble upon us!"

He had scarcely spoken, when Hampton struck his horse a violent blow and dashed swiftly down the hill.

"What's that, Harry?" cried Tom, whose attention was now directed to the treacherous villain by the words and actions of his friend.

"It is Hampton, Tom—there he goes—escaping the punishment that belongs to him."

Quick as thought Tom raised his pistol and fired. Hampton reeled and fell, and the riderless horse went plunging on.

"I know my time 'ad come!" said Tom, coolly, "and this he's a better shooting iron now! I gun the old ripcaville red niggers credit for it!"

This unexpected and tragic scene created great consternation among the borderers, who, in their previous encounter with the savages, had found Hampton a prisoner, and had rescued and treated him as an honorable gentleman, supposing him to be one, knowing nothing of his previous deeds, and readily believing the false tale he had told them.

Some half-a-dozen of the party now ran down to him, and found him badly wounded—Tom's ball having entered under the right shoulder-blade and passed through the right lung. He breathed with difficulty and coughed up blood. He was still conscious, but could not live. They brought him up to the top of the hill, and he faintly gnashed his teeth at the sight of Henry and Tom.

"It was not me you should have murdered, you cowards, but Blodget!" he muttered, choking.

"And whar thought that devil be found?" asked Tom.

Hampton groaned, and pointed with his finger. Both Tom and Henry looked in the direction indicated, and there, not fifty feet distant, they beheld what they had not before observed—the pale face andowering form of Blodget, who was standing between two men, with his arms bound behind his back, in the manner he had compelled the prisoners to march with the savages.

Tom uttered a fierce yell of savage delight and sprang toward him; but, quick though he was, Henry was before him.

"Stand off!" he said; "not a word till I shall have done questioning him!" And then to Blodget, who was now shaking all over, like a man with the ague. "Villain!" he cried. "If you want to live long enough to say your prayers, quick! tell me! who is the girl you want in prison?"

"Oh, sir—good gentlemen—don't hurt me!"

"Oh, my God! my God!" groaned Henry, with a reeling brain.

"How does you know that, you imp of the devil?" demanded Tom. "Did you see her dead?"

"No, Tom—I didn't see her dead," replied Blodget, "but Metho and his horse went over a precipice, and we found their bones there, and I suppose she was killed too, though we couldn't find her."

"If you lies about this year, I'll hew you up to the post tree, you infarnal whale!"

"The girl was killed!" said Blodget.

"Oh, my God! my God!" groaned Henry, with a reeling brain.

"How does you know that, you imp of the devil?" demanded Tom. "Did you see her dead?"

"No, Tom—I didn't see her dead," replied Blodget, "but I have little or no hope now, my friend! I do think it possible she might have been carried off by this villain, but we have all a dark mystery!" Oh, that I could have died in her place! poor, sweet, loved and lost Isoline!"

The adventures of this party of borderers, as told to Tom by one of the number, may be summed up briefly. They had been roaming through the wilderness, without anything occurring of any importance, till they had stumbled upon the trail of the main body of savages, which they had pursued rapidly, coming up with the Indians, or rather, in eight of them, out, on the summit of a hill, right over that?

"I don't lie—I'm telling you the honest truth!" returned Blodget. "We hunted all round, and couldn't find anything of her, either living or dead."

"Then, Harry, lad, don't make no noise on so, said Tom, kindly. 'The colonel's darter aren't dead, you see, after all—no, sir! She's got away alive somehow, and she'll turn up all right yet!'"

"Oh, Tom, I was only certain of that?" groaned Henry, "but I have little or no hope now, my friend! I do think it possible she might have been carried off by this villain, but we have all a dark mystery!" Oh, that I could have died in her place! poor, sweet, loved and lost Isoline!"

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"Oh, that was only a joke—that's all!"

"Party joke, warn't it, you preludious whelp!" groaned Tom. "And them scups I slapped in my face—they was a joke too, warn't they?"

"Oh, yes—I didn't mean any harm—and you know I treated you well afterward!"

"Oh, yes—I feels proud on't! Well, you see, we just aginise to hang you in joke now—that's all!"

"But it will kill me, won't it?" said Blodget, with trembling anxiety.

"Well, it does sometimes kill folks of your size!" gravely answered Tom.

"Oh, spare me! spare me! good gentlemen!"

"You're worse than a smokin' wolf!" said one of the others, "for that cowardly beast will die game when he's cornered and can't get away!"

"Come!" said another, "name your time!—any hour you likes between this and sunrise."

"Oh, gentlemen—oh, good, kind gentlemen!"

"You're worse than a smokin' wolf!" said the others.

"Name your time, and we'll be quick about it."

"Oh, gentlemen—oh, good, kind gentlemen!"

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## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY COSMO.**A Lone Strain**—**CHILIC POLITICALLY**—**CLIMATE**—**COWS—QUEEN BETTER—CURIOS CHASMS**—**CHILIC SEAPORT**—**REPORTS—RURAL ECONOMY**—**WOOD CUTTERS**.

At one stroke we transport ourselves from the western shore of the great Andean Range to the shores of mighty Pacific, overstepping a wide expanse of territory mostly clad in grand old forests, everywhere veined with rivers having rapid currents and clear, sparkling water—past sloping plains, in field and woodland towns with a general and vegetable animal life, with and among which many months might be interesting and profitable spent.

But having in mind always that in our northern journey, having for its terminus the American Side—the turbid Guayaquil, and that city of the clouds, or that the inimitable Picture in one of his wild flights of ambition may one day said—

"Spaniards—follow your chieftain, and ere another sun shall sink beneath the western wave, the Spanish banner blazed in blood shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito"—remembering always that by the time the crow flies the distance is 2,500 miles, which we shall twice double in our zig-zag wandering way, we must needs be brief in our views and reviews, else a lifetime would be expended before reaching our journey's end. So from the country of the red men we transfer ourselves to the great Pacific island, nominally within the limits of Chile, but geographically—the reader may see at a glance by turning to the map of South America in any modern atlas—only an outlying territory, lying beyond the area of Chile's civil rule, and as she has never had military material to distribute to remote districts, the rule of Chile in this her southern realm, presumption, has never been more than nominal.

Chillies are under little restraint of law, and but for the happy providence that they are by nature far better men and women than the Chilicos proper, socially, morally, and physically in their almost two hundred years of isolation, they might have sunk to the condition of savage barbarians.

The Island of Chilico is in length from North to South about two hundred and thirty miles, and its average width is perhaps about thirty-five. Its northern extremity is five hundred and fifty miles due south from Valparaiso, and the Island lies between the parallels of 42 and 45 deg South latitude, and though as far north as the southern tropic that geographical position should make the country as cold as western Canada, surrounded by water, sheltered on the East by the neighboring Andes, exposed to no cold storms from the West, and having a flow of warmer water setting in upon its outer coast, the climate of Chilico is mild enough to be healthful, and might be so but for its outrageous extravagances and savage violence. Only that of a rare and costly—without a quarter of an hour's notice, and pouring down a perfect unceasing deluge of rain and sleet, perhaps consecutively. In the midst of verdure and summer beauty, a violent southerly gale suddenly whips down upon all over the island such a blinding snow storm as never ought to be let loose anywhere out of the Arctic regions.

It is true that these extreme vicissitudes are not of frequent occurrence, but they do come sometimes, and occasionally at times meet in reasonable. The Gulf of Guayaquil, which separates Chilico from Patagonia, has along its Island shore several fine commissaries—harbors—three of the very best on the whole Pacific coast from the Antipodes of Madeira. True, what blazepheries those early Spanish navigators were.

Only think of their naming a cluster of barren rocky Islands, Malas & Duras—Mother of God Well, as I was going to say, these inner harbors of Chilico are by far the most secure of any between the latitude of 32° South, and the mouth of the Grapaloa, a latitude two thirty. It was in that of Chilico, about midway the length of the island, that the recent engagements between the Spanish fleet and Chilean shore batteries occurred, in which the Spaniards were repelled and driven off.

The surface of Chilico is gently undulating, the greater portion covered a dense forest, affording the main supply of wood for all the coast towns and cities as far south as Panama. Before the present difficulties were open there was a fast, regular, in number of old experienced seafaring brigs and barges, with now and then a great bulk of a ship, which having been run ashore of the underwriter's boats in the United States, and could not be taken in any office of justice, her owners had been purchased, placed under the Chilean flag, carried round Cape Horn, and made a coast wood craft, carrying fuel out from the Gulf of Guayaquil to all points along the coast, sailing in the service twenty-five years.

The secret of extraordinary long life in the South American countries is in the fact that life is only southern gains that are violently destructive, and these are infrequent. Caught in one of them, a vessel bound to the southward, keeping close along the coast, dodges into the nearest convenient harbor, and if blown over Board to the northward, she soon finds past the parallel of Valparaiso and Juan Fernandez, and all the "West Coast" to the northward of that line is mighty Pacific—always summer sailing.

Brooksby, Providence permitting, we shall make a cruise or two along the Pacific coast on one of these making a run over and a visit to the island of Juan Fernandez—Robinson Crusoe's island, and its vicinity, Pacific companion, Name Frater. Just now, however, in so much as gathering what information we may of Chilico, its people and productions.

As I have remarked, the staple article of Chilean life is fire wood. Next in importance is cotton, of which article the island affords large quantities, in quality the best favored sheep's first perhaps in the world—certainly the best in America, either north or south.

The sheep of Chilico are of a breed originally introduced from the Spanish Basque provinces, and in their far northern mixed home, their descendants left entirely to nature's culture, have become a very great improvement upon the primitive stock. They are quite distinct from any of the other Spanish American breeds, and although riperatives have been repeatedly made to introduce them into the main land, no many of Chile and also into Bolivia and Peru, they have invariably been unsuccessful. All these regions seem to be too warm for them,

and they rapidly die out, without ever producing lambs.

I think the experiment of introducing these animals into the United States and England would be successful. At home they are perfectly hardy and healthy, requiring no care, enduring the long, cold rains of winter, unhouse, with impunity, cropping everything that a goat will browse, and maintaining themselves always in good killing condition. They are a long-legged, long and heavy bodied sheep, bearing a prodigious length of staple—not fine, certainly, but a soft, flattened silky fibre that makes a glossy surface cloth.

Chilico produces some superior horned cattle, and among the native cows, we saw several milkers equal to our best grades in the United States. There are considerable quantities of butter and cheese made on the island, and as the soil gives in luxuriant abundance both the white and red clover, as well as several varieties of English grasses, a very great deal of very good butter and cheese might be made in Chilico; provided the barbarians could be coaxed a few steps beyond the limits of their South American Civilization. Beating cream in a sheep-skin bag, not always as clean as a new towel, and pressing cheese in a square box that has seen six months service as a pig trough, does not turn out the very best butter and cheese material. But it serves the Chilico's purpose, and they have little consideration for the delicacy of a stranger's appetite.

Likely fowls are abundant everywhere on the island, excessively cheap and of first-rate quality, and as eggs are a drug at a media six cents per dozen, we could afford to pass the sheep-skin butter and pig trough cheese in silent contempt. Nevertheless, during our six weeks' sojourn on the island we managed to manufacture a moderate supply of both articles for our own wants, and if our media spread, was nothing more artistic than that of the Chilicos, it is the merit of cleanliness at least.

Being a pastoral people the Chilicos are a gay race, as people mainly pastoral almost always are, and though there is no doubt that the soil will produce abundantly of all the cereals grown in the United States—particularly of wheat, for which both soil and climate seem admirably adapted—there is but a trifling surface in cultivation; I think not above an acre to every fifteen inhabitants—and among the rural population not above one family in twenty raise any vegetables. Their main supply of food is mutton, milk, a black bean that grows wild in Chile, in great bogs, and we saw flocks of sheep as thick as that one can roll up like a ploughed field, and sometimes bread—yeast being to Valparaiso, Talcahuano, and Valparaiso for their flour, passing for it in exported fire wood, mutton, and occasionally loins.

The wood cutters are mostly foreigners—French, German, and a sprinkling of Irish, and occasionally a runaway Jack from some Yankee whale ship, the usual custom being for the proprietor to furnish the forest bullocks for hauling timber, chickens, eggs, and bread three days in week, eat the latter chops, bacon, and paté on board the vessel the produce, the captain either partaking the material on board, or carrying to market on one-half. The risk is week, free for wages and disbursements being serious in the aggregate, the cutters generally prefer disposing of their stock on board, though they may be obliged to under-sell the market. Then they pass over to the proprietor one-half the receipts. The cutters have considered the head end of the bargain, and all of them, if ordinarily indolent, sober and enterprising, make money.

A good many of the cutters do still better, by purchasing for a rifle a tract of woodland, bullocks for hauling, cows, sheep, and poultry both for stock and consumption—up together—five or fifty, go into the forest. Mainly lumbermen—some having wives, others taking Chilico—all working together, clearing up the land, then go, turning it into meadows, pastures and grain fields—in the second or third year producing a variety of material besides fire wood, for export, and growing rich rapidly, greatly to the enrichment of the natives.

This joint-stock policy obtains mostly on a large scale among the German wood-cutters, while partnerships of two, three and four are frequent among the Irish and Americans.

Our whole party were entertained and made very much at home for a week at the estate of Basco & Hadley situated on the eastern coast between Castro and Valparaiso, said Basco and Hadley having been on the island twenty-three years—both run-away youngsters from a New Bedford whaler, beginning wood-cutting at some time, marrying Chilico girls at twenty, and at the time of our visit they were the proprietors of nine thousand acres of land, six thousand sheep, large herds of horned cattle, five thousand swine, an immense warehouse, a well-stocked dry goods, hardware, provision, and general stores, indigenous cottons, and very numerous wives and some four sons and daughters more or less each, all healthy, happy, and hospitable Chilicos.

**CH** A singular divorce case was heard in Chilico last week. One witness gave it as his opinion that one cause of the estrangement between the man and his wife was an unusual fondness for each other—they thought too much of each other. The state of affairs it was held induced the lady to leave, to ready to return of necessity at the part of her husband, and her great love for him rendered a bare suspicion against his fidelity to her too dreadful for her to endure, and she gradually grew in believe all to be true, which she should have reported as more recent.

A late English work on diamonds and other precious stones, says that but a small portion of the gems used and worn are genuine. The diamond mines of Ceylon have given up, and those of India are rapidly failing. The scarcity of these gems has been met by the ingenious manufacturers who manufacture spurious gems that frequently deserve expert examination. Large quantities of false gems are made in Birmingham and Paris, and shipped East, where the Chinese sell them to credulous European travellers as the real article. Some ten per cent of the diamonds now floated by Indian or European are mere paste ornaments, for which their owners have given full value.

The Dorset Fossils sought to answer the questions of these brothers for the instruction of St. Paul's day, by pointing up on the walls a fossiliferous section with the inscription, "God gave the Green." These green eggs had a corresponding number of signs armed with the word "horns" and pointed them as an ornament. The effect was that these imitations were largely avoided in favor of "Greenhorn."

The American Cyclopaedia contains the following paragraph:—France from 1815, on April 20, 1816, and song writer, now in Frederick County, Maryland, died January 1, 1817, died in Baltimore, January 11, 1841. He was educated at

## BRITISH CHRISTIANITY.

STARTLING PICTURE OF A CLERKENWELL PEST HOUSE.—MISERIES OF THE CASUAL POOR.

The following account, from the London Daily News, of the horrors which occur in the Casual Poor Ward of one of the largest and most respectable parishes in London, is so graphic and is so apparently true that we quote it in its entirety. There can be no occasion to try to excite the feeling of any reader by additional remarks; the narrative is sufficient to rouse the indignation and the disgust of every one who lives in a Christian community:

"The pest-houses of Clerkenwell are as revoltingly unfit for sleeping places as when we commented on them last. On Saturday evening forty men and women were crammed into wards with nominal accommodation for thirty, and, having been locked up in the dark, were left to scramble or fight for room as they thought fit. At half past nine P.M. the padlock was at our request, removed from the door of the ward, on the western side of the yard, and, after borrowing a work-house lantern from a passing attendant, we walked to its extreme end. It was but a few paces, yet we are unable to fully describe the scene, from physical inability to remain in the foul ellipsis we met. The instant the door opened, a chorus of complaints was uttered by the occupants of the bunks, who were lying completely naked upon straw mattresses, with a single rug over them. A division between each sleeping place was bidden up as advised by Mr. Farnell; but these divisions are made to aggravate the very evils they were designed to prevent.

"In many of the narrow spaces set off for one person, there were, on Sunday, two naked tramps lying, their bodies in such close contact as to look like one many-legged, double-headed monstrosity, rather than two human beings. When asked the reason why they took off their shirts, the reply was the same as at our previous visit. It is impossible to keep them on for insects." No shirt or substitute for shirt is provided by the workhouse, no bath is given and no work enforced. Two stupid-looking dark youths had not succeeded in forcing themselves into one of the already-occupied bunks, or in finding room to lie down, and were now sitting patiently in the dark, at the feet of their more fortunate brethren. They neither looked at the faces of those coming in, nor spoke, nor moved, but followed the lantern with hungry eyes, as if it lighted some dim sense of warmth and comfort. Meanwhile, those in bed clattered and rattled, amid the noise of straw in their mattresses; the impossibility of sleeping two is of the cold, the insects, and occasionally loins.

The wood cutters are mostly foreigners—French, German, and a sprinkling of Irish, and occasionally a runaway Jack from some Yankee whale ship, the usual custom being for the proprietor to furnish the forest bullocks for hauling timber, chickens, eggs, and bread three days in week, eat the latter chops, bacon, and paté on board the vessel the produce, the captain either partaking the material on board, or carrying to market on one-half. The risk is week, free for wages and disbursements being serious in the aggregate, the cutters generally prefer disposing of their stock on board, though they may be obliged to under-sell the market. Then they pass over to the proprietor one-half the receipts. The cutters have considered the head end of the bargain, and all of them, if ordinarily indolent, sober and enterprising, make money.

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St. John's College, Annapolis, and commenced the practice of law at Frederick City.

"Subsequently he removed to Washington, where he was for many years District Attorney of the District of Columbia. As a song writer he is chiefly known by his Star-Spangled Banner, a popular national lyric, suggested and partially written while the author was detained in the British fleet during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, of which he was an interested witness."

According to the best information within our reach, he was picked up in a small boat while going to the British fleet to obtain the release of a friend, and having been detained over night as a prisoner, was an unwilling spectator of the bombardment; and by the light of rockets and bursting shells, he and his companion, to whom it would be addressed him in the poem, could catch occasional glimpses of the loved flag still flying defiantly over the fort that protected Baltimore. Hence his language, "the clouds of Macbeth" do not match on Dusinane to the sound of the drums and bugles of the British fleet; and he speaks of the drums of the Loyalist and Yorkshires bugles. He speaks of a person "laughing like a parrot at a bugle," but all without the slightest historical reference. And when we look at the words in the Ringer House, and show how our former masters spent their income, we find their expenditure for music put down in such entries as the following:—To the English pipe, three shillings and six pence. "Sandwich men were not the pipes, they were harpers. The harp was the old Scotch instrument, and I believe continued to be the old Scotch instrument till within a very recent period."

**THE BAGPIPES NOT SCOTCH, BUT ENGLISH.** At a meeting in Edinburgh, the Lord Advocate said:—"Most people think that the bagpipes is a Scotch instrument. Some are proud of the bagpipes, others are afraid of it—but whether by its friends or its foes, the bagpipes is looked upon by us as something national. Now, I am not at all sure that we are entitled to any such pride or blame. I believe it could be demonstrated—though our friends on the other side of the Tweed would be excessively indignant—I believe it could be demonstrated that the bagpipes is an English instrument, essentially English, that the English were the original bagpipers, and I find in confirmation of this that Shakespeare, who was an authority in music, refers to the bagpipes constantly; but he does not introduce them into Macbeth."

He also heard the vanishing hoist of a British officer, that the foot would be reduced in a brief period after the attack; and this circumstance explains the use of the pronoun in the singular number in the line, "The blood has washed out his foul footprint's pollution."

The change of "on" to "over" in this line, is positively unpardonable, as it does not present the glorifying picture intended by the author, via the reduction of the flag from the surface of the water.

Looking down upon the blood-stained deck of the vessel after the bombardment, he was inspired to the use of the exulting language, "This blood has washed out."

We give below a verbatim copy, italicising the words that have been changed by various compilers, and referring by numerals to some of the changes that are most common.

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through  
the clouds of the night?"

"O'er the rampart we watched, were so gallantly streaming?"

"And the rocket's red glare—the bombs bursting in air—

"Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

"O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

"On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it flutters in the wind o'er the bunting?"

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,

"We take up our tale, dimly seen through the mists of the deep;

"That the bunting of war and the bunting of confusion,

"A home and a country should it leave us no more?"

"The (1) blood has washed out the (2) foul footprint's pollution;

"No refuge could save the hating and hating slave,

From the terror of light or the gloom of the grave,

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"And where is the (3) bunting that (4) so vanquishing wave?

"That (5) the bunting of war and the bunting of confusion,

"A home and a country should it leave us no more?"

"The (7) blood has washed out the (8) foul footprint's pollution;

"No refuge could save the hating and hating slave,

From the terror of light or the gloom of the grave,

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"And where is the (9) bunting that (10) so vanquishing wave?

"That (11) the bunting of war and the bunting of confusion,

"A home and a country should it leave us no more?"

"The (13) blood has washed out the (14) foul footprint's pollution;

"No refuge could save the hating and hating slave,

From the terror of light or the gloom of the grave,

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"And where is the (15) bunting that (16) so vanquishing wave?

"That (17) the bunting of war and the bunting of confusion,

"A home and a country should it leave us no more?"

"The (19) blood has washed out the (20) foul footprint's pollution;

"No refuge could save the hating and hating slave,

From the terror of light or the gloom of the grave,

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"And where is the (21) bunting that (22) so vanquishing wave?

"That (23) the bunting of war and the bunting of confusion,

"A home and a country should it leave us no more?"

"The (25) blood has washed out the (26) foul footprint's pollution;

"No refuge could save the hating and hating slave,

From the terror of light or the gloom of the grave,

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,

"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"And where is the (27) bunting that (28) so vanquishing wave?

"That (29) the bunting of war and the bunting of confusion,

"A home and a country should it leave

April 14, 1866.]

7.

## THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY:

By J. W. POLARD,  
WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES  
Bore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Holding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor,

Boston, Mass.

WAKAMATS & Brown's Fine Clovings—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring House in Philadelphia. Their superior style, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have won them a large number of friends, and in the coat department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best arts are employed, and the cost of materials selected from every quarter of the globe.

We have a large number of friends, and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted with difficulty.

## PEOPLE DIFFER ON MANY POINTS,

BUT ALL AGREE THAT THE

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing" IS THE ONLY INVALUABLE HAIR RESTORATIVE FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR AND PREVENTING BALDNESS. It will restore gray hair to its original color. It will make the hair grow in all directions. It will restore the natural secretion. It will remove all dandruff and itching. It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible. It will prevent all hair from falling off. It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

Only 75 cents a bottle, six bottles \$4. Sold at Dr. SWETT'S, 300 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers mark-down.

## MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, by Rev. Maria McMichael, Mayor of City of Boston to Miss Louisa C. Keeler, both of this city.

On the 2d of March, by the Rev. J. H. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. ALLEN to Miss Margaret Blowers, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. Mansfield, Mr. Thomas S. Verno to Miss Mary A. Fiske, both of Chestnut Hill, Pa.

On the 2d of March, by the Rev. Sam'l. Durbin, Mr. L. L. Durbin to Miss Anna L. Durbin, daughter of R. C. Smith, Eng. both of this city.

On the 2d of March, by the Rev. W. B. Wood, Mr. Adam S. to Miss Louisa Stevens, both of this city.

On the 2d of March, by the Rev. H. A. Boundman, Mr. James Brown to Miss Eliza M. Williams, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, Lydia S. Williams, widow of the late Dr. W. B. Wood, in her 70th year, died here. She was a woman of great fortitude and died the death of the righteous.

We saw her end-sighs, heard her sighs, With throbbing hearts and weeping eyes, But gave no name, nor cause of death.

She died, as good, an suffering past.

On the 1st instant, George G. Clark, Jr., in his 24th year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. Albert Snider, in his 21st year.

On the 1st instant, William J. Lickley, in his 21st year.

On the 1st instant, William S. Fiske, in his 21st year.

On the 1st of March, James Dennis, Sr., in his 21st year.

On the 1st of March, Mrs. Barbara Anderson, in her 21st year.

On the 1st of March, Mrs. Mary Eustace, in her 21st year.

On the 1st of March, James W. Fletcher, in his 21st year.

S-T-1-60-X.

## DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

The purest, strongest and invigorating.

They create a decided appetite.

They are a sovereign remedy for all diseases of water and diet.

They invigorate and disengaged and give power.

They strengthen the system and enlivens the mind.

They prevent convulsions and intermitting fevers.

They are the best and only safe remedy for the stomach.

They cure Liver Complaints.

They cure Diseases of the Liver and Stomach.

They cure Diseases of the Liver and Stomach.

They are the best remedy for Liver Complaints.

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